Amsaja's Folly: Damn Space Pirates, Aphra's Theft, and Entrapta's Genius

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by lefemmerouge2

Summary

Aphra's chaotic nature continues vibe to with Entrapta, who is starting to wonder if Aphra is right for her. At the same time, everyone becomes nervous and worried when they are chased by an angry space pirate who has it out for Aphra, after she stole one of her favorite artifacts from her pseudo-museum gallery on her ship, following their night together, something which Aphra now sees as a mistake. Through it all, Aphra is forced to decide whether she should be with Entrapta or whether her past, especially her bad decisions, will pull them all down.

Notes

Before I finished part 1 of this series (which I recommend you read), I decided to turn this into a series. As it turns out, this is the first *ever* fic to feature Amsaja, a badass space pirate doppelganger of Cleopatra in the episode "Pirates" of Cleopatra in Space. I had been meaning to make a fic with her for a while, but while thinking about her character recently, who is voiced by the talented Kimberly Brooks (most prominently voiced Jasper in Steven Universe), I had the idea that Amsaja and Aphra meeting would be a wild time. So, this fic came about as a result of that. I will say that you don't need to have watched *any* of Cleopatra in Space to watch this because the "Pirates' episode doesn't say that much about Amsaja's character, as she either fighting the protagonists for a good portion of the episode. That is not shown in this fic. If you *have* watched that episode, or all of Cleopatra in Space, that is *only* an extra added bonus when reading this fic.

Comments are welcome and appreciated.

Update #1: This story can also be read on Wattpad, Webnovel, Quotev, Squidge World, and Adult Fanfiction.

Update #2: I posted a thread on Twitter (the last tweet of it is here) noting my favorite scenes and lines in the fic, to give you a bit more context. Also, it is available in this Tumblr post.

See the end of the work for more notes

"I didn't know that hot space pirate, with her deep gray eyes, would be trying to get rid of me! Who *knew* she would be so persistent! I only stole that precious blue artifact after having a wild night of sex with her! Doesn't *everyone* do that type of thing these days?"

Glimmer had her head in her hands. What the heck was Aphra saying? Bow was desperately trying to make sure the ship's systems were undamaged by a barrage of laser bolts. Adora and Catra were manning the ship's two turrets and had inflicted significant damage on the pirate ship.

Even so, the *Darla Angel* was still taking a beating from the pirate ship's laser blasts. All the while, Entrapta beginning to wonder if Aphra was still the right woman for her after all, or if she had misread everything, yet again. She hoped her intuition remained spot-on, when it came to Aphra. As someone who was socially awkward, she was unsure whether she was reading situations correctly, sometimes causing her to question herself.

In order to understand how they got into this situation, we need to rewind back a bit.

Some years ago, Aphra, only a year or two out of the academy, was traveling the universe in the *Ark Angel*. At the time, she was traveling by herself, since she hadn't met the murderous robots Bee-Tee and Triple Zero, yet. She was searching a temple for artifacts, when she noticed something was wrong. She was thrown to the ceiling, then came crashing down to the cave floor.

When she opened the temple door, she found that her ship, and the area around it, had been sucked inside another ship! How bizarre.

As she slid down the rock wall, she faced a medium brown-skinned woman whose grayish yellow hair had dark moderate blue highlights on the tips and bangs. She wore a snazzy black outfit with white highlights, complete with whitish gloves, and a belt of the same color. Her pants, and leggings, matched. She had fallen in love, partially drawn in by her eyes, which had a dark greyish red iris and black pupil, and her desaturated dark blue lipstick. This happened to *a lot* of women she came across. Even so, she wasn't attracted to every woman out there.

She had a medium brown skin tone similar to the so-called "hero" of the Nile Galaxy (Cleopatra), along with very dark desaturated red eyebrows and eyelashes. That only increased her attractiveness for Aphra.

This woman was flanked with two others, who announced themselves as a cyborg Dwayne and Ostea. The latter was armed with a laser sword. Amsaja boldly declared that she wanted something, she *took it.* Wanting to protect her own skin, Aphra tried to talk her way out of this. After all, didn't she have a similar mentality to this woman? They shouldn't be enemies, right?

"Miss...beautiful lady...I don't want any trouble...I only came here to get an artifact and sell it to the highest bidder...I'm Chelli Lona Aphra, by the way, an archaeologist affiliated with the

acclaimed University of Bar'Leth, but I need to still pay off my debts...so I take jobs like this."

Rather than trying to blast her newcomer, and aware that Aphra was trying to boast about herself, she thought that *maybe* she could use her. Perhaps an introduction could be one way to impress her. She started to smirk.

"I'm Amsaja, Queen of the Space Pirates. Come with me to my gallery...maybe my collections will...interest you."

Her fellow pirates, Ostea and Dwayne flanked her, one on each side. They wouldn't let Aphra try anything against their queen. Any wrong move would result in her being put in chains, then traded off for a valuable artifact. They were watching her very closely. Their squirrel companion, Boop, sometimes joined them, but, this time, he wasn't with them.

"What's with that outfit, Ms. Amsaja?" Aphra asked, as they walked to the gallery.

She decided to answer her honestly. It couldn't hurt telling her the truth about this, right? Maybe it would even draw them closer together.

"Space pirates put a high value on style and flair. I'm *all* about that."

Unlike some other guests, they had *no reason* to put her in binders. She didn't fight them after entering their ship, and came with them *willingly*, so that was that.

"I am too," Aphra added. Amsaja put her hand to mouth and cutely laughed. She loved other people with style, especially those who were reckless and didn't have a good heart, like her.

Soon enough, they entered the art / treasure room. Aphra especially liked a precious blue artifact which sat on one side of the gallery. She thought it would sell for a pretty penny. She didn't say anything about this, at the time, of course.

Later that day, Aphra and Amsaja got to talking. They realized they shared a quick wit, a wild and fierce nature, love of action, and recklessness. Both were competitive and headstrong, but could still be intimidated. Both had their own weaknesses, although neither revealed them openly to one another.

If they had fought, they might have been evenly matched in their athletic and agile abilities, even though Amsaja was a strong and cunning leader, who could outsmart enemies. Despite her claim that she had no weaknesses, some items in her collections held sentimental value for her. Unlike other guests, Aphra and Amsaja never fought each other in battle. There was one reason for that.

On some level, they were attracted to one another. This led to a *bad* decision one night: they had horizontal refreshment together.

Like she would in the years later, with other women, Aphra had no intention of staying with Amsaja, especially after she realized how ruthless this space pirate could be. It wasn't long before she learned *the truth*. The next morning she left a note and decided to take the one

object that caught her eye the day before. She would sell it for some extra cash to pay off her debts.

She manipulated the pirate ship's controls, allowing the *Ark Angel* to depart without being detected. Knowing she wouldn't have long, she quickly pulled a lever, causing the ship to jump to hyperspace, as she prepared for another adventure. She couldn't stay there. She *had* to move on.

Later that morning, when Amsaja read Aphra's note, she was disappointed. What she discovered next ticked her off even more: the theft of a precious artifact. It enraged her, causing her to loudly shout, her voice echoing across the ship:

"Aphra, I'll get you for this! I'll *never* forgive you!"

Her leaving plus the theft of the artifact caused Amsaja to lose it. She would, as a result, seal her heart away. Sure, she would try to have boyfriends, but she would never be with any of them for a long period. This was because she *never* felt the same way about them as she felt with Aphra that day and that night, when they had horizontal refreshment together. None of her other relationships were the same.

Back in the present, lasers were flying through space. Parts of each ship had been scarred by the fight. The pirate ship was more damaged since their shield barrier had been destroyed. They were barely holding it together. It was then that a communication came on the screen. It was Amsaja. The laser barrage stopped. The pirate ship's cannons ceased firing. Glimmer told Catra and Adora to stop blasting the pirate ship in response. They complied.

"I will give you one last chance, Aphra. Hand over the blue artifact!"

Aphra sighed. What could she say to this woman? While she thought it over, she guessed that Entrapta was beginning to have doubts about her. Who wouldn't? Who would have feelings for someone who was such a screw-up, for someone who got them in this situation in the first place? She felt very alone.

Maybe she should get away from all of this... and live on her own, hang out at a bar on some far-off planet, drinking herself into a stupor... and let no one else bother her ever again... as she thought about all of this, she happened to look to her left. She saw Glimmer trembling, the same woman who often berated her. She looked around. The others were a bit afraid too.

What was this feeling? Guilt? Caring about others? Who was she, a rebel? That left a bad taste in her mouth. How could she even think of herself that way? She often said to herself she was "Team Me," with her own self-interest above anything else, even *if* it meant leaving people behind. In that moment, she decided to do something drastic. If there was one thing she could do for them, then she would. Then they wouldn't have to worry about her *anymore*.

"No, you don't need the blue artifact. You don't want it. You want me. I'll be your prisoner."

As much as saying those words and voluntarily agreeing to confine herself *hurt,* she believed it was the *only* thing she could do. She made her way to the escape pod. Glimmer was no

longer trembling. In fact, she was aghast. Did this woman think she was a hero or something? Why would she do something so...so...foolish!

Bow had a similar expression. He couldn't believe Aphra. On some level, Catra was glad that Aphra would be gone *because* she wouldn't be teased anymore about her catlike features, and could have more time with Adora, again. Adora didn't feel the same way and was a bit more sympathetic toward Aphra.

One crew member was more conflicted than anyone else: Entrapta. She thought they had some sort of special connection and that she wouldn't leave her. What had all their time together really been?

"Chelli, please don't go! We can figure something out...I need you..."

Looking at Entrapta, she shook her head. Part of her knew that she was right, but she couldn't admit it to herself, not now.

"No you don't...I'm bad news...I mess up everything...I'm a scoundrel, a scavenger, and a thieving archaeologist who sells artifacts for profit...I don't want you all mixed up in everything I've been through...that's my business. Goodbye...forever."

As she closed the hatch behind her, she pressed a button. The pod jettisoned off from the *Darla Angel* and toward the pirate ship, which pulled it in with its own tractor beam of sorts. It was all over.

Entrapta was bawling her eyes out. She couldn't believe that the woman she had grown close to would *leave* her like this. Who did she think she was! It was like before...nothing had changed.

"Let's just go...I never want to see her again." Glimmer wanted to make sure that this was what she truly wanted. As much as Chelli annoyed her and was *infuriating*, the last thing she wanted was for Entrapta to feel sad. She didn't want them to do what she, and the other princesses had done before. They *had* to do better. She thought that maybe they should…

Her thought process was interrupted by Adora, who came, along with Catra, walking down from the gun turrets. She interjected before Glimmer could fully put together what she was going to say.

"Are you sure you *really* want us to leave, Entrapta? Don't you remember how I risked my own life, your life, Glimmer's life, and Bow's life just to save Catra...even *after* she told me not to come? If I hadn't, she wouldn't be standing beside me today."

Catra knew that Adora was right. She remained forever grateful that Adora had saved her. If she hadn't, who knows what they would have done… and she never would have forgiven herself if she had hurt Adora. While fighting Horde Prime was rough, she was glad it had all worked out. After all, their kiss, apparently, according to people they talked to, saved the entire universe.

Entrapta took in what Adora was saying. While she was angry at Chelli for leaving, she couldn't *totally* blame her for that. She wondered if she would do the same if she was in a similar situation. Perhaps she would.

Wiping the tears off her eyes, Entrapta bellowed. "We need to rescue her! I won't let that fucking space pirate get her filthy hands on *my* girl!"

Meanwhile on the ship, Chelli had been thrown into one of the holding cells. Its bars were electrified. Amsaja laughed, evilly. She knew that Chelli was at her mercy.

"The great Doctor Aphra has stooped so low. What should I do? Maybe sell you to the highest bidder...I think Darth Vader would like to see you again."

Chelli shuttered. She had some respect for her former boss. If she could avoid seeing him ever again, she would be *much* better off, since he almost killed her multiple times.

"Or maybe you can do me...a favor...and we can call ourselves...even?"

She wasn't sure she could do this. Could she really steal for...this woman?

"I'll do anything. What do you want me to steal?"

Amsaja laughed. She had something *very* specific in mind.

"I want you to steal...my heart. Have sex with me *again*...can you do that, Ms. Aphra...or are you too proud...and have principles?"

Chelli was in a tough place. If she said no, then she could be brought before Vader in chains. He would kill her, *for real* this time. If she said yes, she would probably regret it for the rest of her life. As soon as she was about to answer, an explosion rocked the ship, throwing Aphra back against the wall, and Amsaja into the electrified prison bars.

"Status report!" she yelled on the comms. There was no response. Ostea and Dwayne were nowhere to be found, thanks to her previous actions. Suddenly, a nearby wall exploded. Entrapta stood alongside her favorite customized robot, along with Adora, who was holding a sword (she did not want to reveal her transformed She-Ra form yet), an angry catgirl with a crossbow (given to her by Bow), and...Bow. Glimmer had remained on the ship, despite her insistence that she would go. Knowing that *someone* had to stay behind. Bow had convinced her after telling her he would remain safe. She agreed as long as they remained in contact.

Emily blasted a hole in the electrified metal bars, melting them like they were butter. Chelli was confused… had they come to save *her* of all people? Were they totally out of their minds? Didn't they know who she was? And what she had done? Why were they here? Didn't Entrapta hate her?

Amsaja pulled out her crossbow. She was no match for Bow, Adora, Catra, Entrapta, and Emily. She began to cower. Entrapta pulled her up. As she stood against the wall, Entrapta formed her prehensile hair into a fist.

She punched Amsaja right into the wall, smashing her head, and slightly breaking her jaw. Weakly standing up, she punched Amsaja, again, who could barely hold herself up.

"You space pirate bitch," she began, "how *dare* you lay a hand on Chelli."

Amsaja struggled to speak. Entrapta looked utterly terrifying. Adora, Bow, nor Catra wanted to stop her. They *knew* this woman deserved this. In fact, they all purposely walked away. They didn't want to see this violence first-hand, even though by leaving they *let* this woman get beaten up by Entrapta, without doing anything to stop it. Emily stood by her, ready to charge her laser battery if needed.

"I didn't touch her...*this* time...honest!" Amsaja said weakly in her defense.

Entrapta chuckled. She grabbed Chelli out of the cell with her hair, and held her tight. She could tell this was a warming embrace and started to hug her back. She had missed this. Chelli told her what happened, in the way she *wanted* to tell it. That was always how she told stories.

"She said that unless I had sex with her again she'd turn me over to some...bad people...and now that you are here...I'm definitely going to say no."

Amsaja was furious. How could she twist everything so much? The fact was that *this* time, Chelli wasn't that far off what had actually transpired. Amsaja didn't like being called out for this type of thing. Not at all. She hated it.

Entrapta gave Amsaja the evil eye. She didn't like this woman one bit. She brought Chelli close and smooched her. She then shouted at the top of her lungs:

"Chelli might be a scoundrel, a liar, a cheat, a double-crosser. But she is *my* scoundrel."

She closely held Chelli, who was still in a bit of a daze, and was having trouble standing up after being slammed into the wall, earlier. Entrapta helped her up. But she knew one thing: this woman loved her, deeply. She was more amazed when she saw Entrapta push a button on her miniature datapad, which she had hidden in her pocket.

The collection that Amsaja had spent years curating and collecting began to crumble. The many explosions across the room caused the artifacts to be damaged, beyond repair. While Chelli might have objected to this, if she had been more with it, because she was still mostly out if it, and she *hated* this damn space pirate *so much*, she didn't mind. Some people needed to be taught a lesson. And this woman was one of those people.

"Don't you *ever* mess with Chelli ever again. Or this will happen...again. Next time, it will be even worse. You don't want that, do you?"

Amsaja cowered, horrified that her artifacts had turned into dust. She had lost everything. She had no choice but to comply. "Yes, ma'am," she said, almost gritting her teeth.

As she slumped on the ground, Chelli was starting to get some of her senses back. She slipped a strange object out of her pocket. It was a grayish disc and about a few inches tall.

She carefully placed it by the space pirate, who had now fallen unconscious. She always had these on hand, in case of emergencies. This was one of those times.

"Chelli, what's that?" Entrapta said, inquisitively. She answered matter-of-factly.

“That's just a beacon that will tell some...uh...friends...to take care of her."

Entrapta accepted the (weak) logic for now. Her dear Chelli couldn't be lying, right? They rode back on Emily together, with Entrapta holding Chelli tightly along the way.

They made their way back to the *Darla Angel*. For once, she was glad that someone had come to rescue her. She was too proud to admit that. When she was back on board, even Glimmer seemed *somewhat* pleased to see her. She knew how much Chelli meant to Entrapta. If that was a reason to keep her around, then, just maybe, she was worth it.

With everyone back on the ship, Chelli exclaimed, "onward to our next adventure!" Bow pulled a lever and the *Darla Angel* went speeding through hyperspace, to their next destination (wherever that might be), whether that be deep space, a watery planet, or somewhere else entirely.

After their departure, a small vessel docked in the space pirate ship. It was piloted by a Wookie bounty hunter and had two droids as passengers. As all three went inside, they found a mess of widespread destruction. They easily guessed who was responsible. One of the droids found the beacon Chelli had placed there. Pressing a button, it played the message.

"Hi, this is the illustrious Doctor Aphra. If you find this message, please torture the person it is near. Whatever they did, they *deserve it*."

It was a short, but quick message, something she had recorded while in Vader's service. She had put it together while working with the two robots...who she had a love-hate relationship with. Sometimes she thought those robots were useful, but other times she did not.

One of the droids, Triple Zero, responded joyfully. "How wonderful it is to hear Mistress Aphra's voice once again. As she has commanded, we will torture this individual...how much I love to hear human screams of desperation and terror. How delightful it is!" Bee-tee beeped along in agreement. Some would call these robots homicidal. *They were*. But were they any worse than the Dark Lord of the Sith? Probably not.

As they dragged her onto their ship and placed her in a cell (so she could be tortured), Black Krrsantan finished looting the ship of all the remaining valuables, which were easy enough to find. As he roared at them, they followed his lead. Neither of the robots cared about artifacts, unlike Chelli. They only wanted to cause humans pain and misery. That's what he and Bee-Tee had been programmed for.

Upon their departure, Triple Zero chuckled as he began an explosive chain reaction. The pirate ship began to explode and lose its bearings in the planet's orbit, falling toward the planet's surface. None of them would have cared if they knew that the ship still had Boop, Ostea, and Dwayne inside. They had been imprisoned in a secret part of the ship that *only* Amsaja knew about, for "betraying her" (she claimed). This is why they didn't answer her

plea for help earlier. If Entrapta and the others had known about them, things may have played out a bit differently.

"How much I love to watch a spaceship explode. It is absolutely marvelous." Bee-tee beeped in agreement. Krrsantan roared once again. Their small ship zipped away through hyperspace to an unknown location. The pirate ship proceeded to crash into the nearby planet and smolder. It was unlikely that anyone, or anything, had survived. If that had, it might have been a miracle.

Some time later, Amsaja awoke from what she believed was a nightmare. Had someone been torturing her? She couldn't remember. She found her arms in chains. She was inside a cell within a facility of some kind.

A nearby guard saw her awake. He laughed heartily. "Oh did you finally wake up, sleepyhead? Two droids dropped you off and you looked like shit."

He then added, "Welcome to Sunspot Prison, Miss, the biggest prison on this side of the universe, and run by the Rebel Alliance. If you are on your *best* behavior, your stay here will be short."

Amsaja shuttered as she sat in a cell, in binders. This orbital penitentiary was flooded by the constant blinding, and bright, light from the nearby sun. It could almost drive you out of your mind. Some called it a tiny place of hell.

If Chelli had known about Amsaja's fate, she likely wouldn't have cared. Entrapta may have thought the same. The torture had jumbled Amsaja's mind so badly she didn't even know what was real anymore. So, for the time being, Chelli, Entrapta, and the others were safe from this cunning space pirate. However, if she ever recovered, and remembered what they had done to her, there would be trouble... for all of them.

End Notes

I based some of the plot here on "Pirates", the only episode of Cleopatra in Space to feature Amsaja (which is a crime! She should have showed up more!). Information from the "Amsaja" and “Pirate ship” pages on the Cleopatra in Space wiki was useful here. The description of Sunspot prison comes from scenes 41 and 43 of the Doctor Aphra audio drama. Also, although Amsaja, in-canon, had romantic relationships with men, I saw her as leaning more toward women (at least in that episode), which is what I went with in this story (in this story, you could say she is a lesbian who later got pulled into compulsory heterosexuality). In any case, whether you consider her bi, lesbian, or something else, since her sexuality is NOT defined in canon and she is a one-off character, people can choose the sexuality they want for her.

Works inspired by this one

A "Wild Night of Sex"?: Amsaja and Chelli Blow their Grounsils Together by lefemmerougensfw

Revenge of the Space Pirate Queen: Amsaja Gets Back at Chelli by lefemmerougensfw

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